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DECEMBER XXXI.

There goes an old Gaffer over the hill,
Thieving, and old, and gray;
He walks the green world his wallet to fill,
And carries good spoil away.

Into his bag he popped a king,
After him went a friar;
Many a lady with gay gold ring,
Many a knight and squire.

He carried my true-love far away,
He stole the dog at my door;
The vile old Gaffer, thieving and gray,
He'll never come back any more.

My little darling, white and fair,
Sat in the door and spun;
He caught her fast by her silken hair,
Before the child could run.

He stole the florins out of my purse,
The sunshine out of mine eyes;
He stole my roses; and what is worse,
The gray old Gaffer told lies.

He promised fair when he came by,
And laughed as he slipped away,
For every promise [illegible]
But his tale is over to-day.

Good bye, old Gaffer! you'll come no more,
You've done you worst for me;
The next gray robber will pass my door;
There's nothing to steal or see!

—*Tribune.*

THE CAPTURE OF SCHAMYL BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Translated from "Figaro," for THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

Our own Kasan correspondent—the "own correspondents" of *Figaro* are everywhere—sends us glorious news! Schamyl, the invincible Schamyl, who has gained so many victories over the Russians, and such a brilliant one at the *Porte St. Martin*, has just been captured! and by Alexandre Dumas, alone, very alone—without the faintest collaborator.

Imagine the rejoicing throughout all the Russias. A surtout of honor, lined with the richest furs, has, it is said, been awarded to our great novelist. But, let our own Kasan correspondent relate, in his own terms, the details of this immense event:

Sir:—You have doubtless seen the letter which M. Alexandre Dumas recently communicated to the *Siècle*, and are familiar with the new project of this great man, whose facility and aplomb excite our undying admiration. His letter, if my memory serve me, contained something of this sort: "I intend approaching Schamyl, as near as possible, with the advance-guards of Prince Darejatinski."

I know not whether you seized the precise sense of this important phrase. You may have imagined that the word *approach*, had reference merely to an insignificant promenade. The characteristic modesty of M. Dumas, forbade his entering into a detailed explanation.

Whatever may have been your impressions concerning the sentence in question, Schamyl, on the other hand, was not to be deceived. It is stated, on the best of authority, that the very morning on which his porter handed him the *Siècle*, the great chief of the Caucasus turned pale, and seemed deeply affected.

Schamyl had the advantage of knowing something about M. Dumas, from M. Paul Meurice. He felt that though he might easily oppose a vigorous resistance to all the Russias, M. Dumas on the other hand was irresistible, and that to this great man, all nations that have learnt to read, abjectly bow the knee. Therefore, he felt it incumbent upon him to keep his weather-eye open. All the military posts of Caucasus were doubled. Notice was given to all the Caucasian custom-houses, that the entrance of negroes was strictly prohibited, and that no traveller could be received without a proper certificate of whiteness. Mr. Dumas, however, undeterred by these stringent measures, advanced by forced marches, stealthily upon Schamyl. And here, let me be permitted to chronicle day by day, the movements of this general, without an army, and all the incidents of this eventful campaign.

FIRST DAY.

Departure of M. Dumas. He harangues the army of Prince Darejatinski, in the following terse language:

"Cossacks, I cannot embrace you all, neither individually, nor still less collectively. I therefore embrace your general!"

Prince Darejatinski flung himself into the arms of M. Dumas, who held him long upon his bosom. The entire army wept.

The Prince attempts to dissuade the great novelist. "Have a care, dear master. The roads of Caucasus are not safe. I never undertake to travel there without an escort of 50 or [illegible] men."

M. Dumas replied with the politeness that characterises him:—

"You are perhaps in the right, Prince, but I would not have you to incommode your army for me. However, I am fully capable of capturing Schamyl, all alone. When one has got up a revolution, as I have——"

"A revolution! What one?" inquired the Prince, surprised.

"That of 1848. I alone did it, with my song of the Girondins. [illegible]"

"True," replied the Prince; "I had forgotten it, dear master."

"And, besides," continued M. Dumas, "let me allay your apprehension, by stating that I shall not go unaccompanied. I, also, have my army."

The Prince was, at first, at a loss to understand him. The only battalion he could perceive by the side of M. Dumas, was the faithful Rusconi. M. Dumas beckoned, and the faithful Rusconi stepped aside, and the army of which M. Dumas spoke, appeared suddenly behind the faithful Rusconi.

It was the legion of all the novels of M. Dumas, each a fifty-volume story, at least.

Prince Darejatinski retired to his tent. The faithful Rusconi sounded a warlike flourish. M. Alexandre Dumas placed himself at the head of his innumerable novels. The campaign against Schamyl was opened!

SECOND DAY.

On arriving within sight of Schamyl, M. Dumas and his novels made a halt. The faithful Rusconi was sent forward, garnished with a flag of truce, and the following ultimatum for Schamyl:

"*Article I.* Schamyl shall agree to acknowledge M. Dumas, senior, as the most prolific of all novelists.

"*Article II.* Schamyl shall call M. Dumas, senior, "dear master."

"*Article III.* Schamyl shall deliver up to said Dumas his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and mistresses, if he have any—in order that the said Dumas may make what use of them he may see fit, in the manufacture of his novels.

"*Article IV.* All the secrets, adventures, and private history of Schamyl shall belong to the said Dumas, who shall have the free and exclusive right to them, with the power to convert them into feuilletons for the *Siècle*, *Constitutionnel*, *Moniteur*, *Monte Christo*, or to use them in any other form, large or small, that he may think proper to select."

The faithful Rusconi departed "with a timid but firm step,"—being the style of locomotion usually adopted by the heroes of M. Ponson du Terrail—and returned, five minutes later, with the reply of Schamyl.

Schamyl refused.

He had at first consented to call M. Dumas "dear master," because, he said, it was the custom. But he revolted at the idea of being pressed into a novel: he, his father, his mother, his brothers, his sisters, and his mistresses. "He would not stand," he replied, with some tartness, "being treated like a simple Knight of Harmental."

"The die is cast!" said M. Dumas. "He shall have war! He must have known, that if I came here, it was simply because I was out of copy. Be it so, then! he shall have war." May all the ink shed here be upon his own head! And you, Rusconi, remember that from the height of these snowy peaks of Caucasus, forty odd centuries look down upon you!

THIRD DAY.

The sun, as it rose, was recognized by M. Dumas to be the Sun of Austerlitz, which assertion, the sun taking no pains to refute, the fact will undoubtedly be handed down to posterity.

At the point of day M. Dumas addressed these memorable words to the faithful Rusconi:

"In me, the great novelist, is but the preface to the great captain!" And, in fact, a couple of hours later, he had laid his plan of attack.

The following is the outline of his principal strategic dispositions:

The most difficult part of the undertaking being to penetrate the narrow passes of the Caucasus, M. Dumas resolved to lead forward his light artillery, otherwise called his plays in not more than one act, such as the *Invitation to the Waltz*, *Honor is satisfied*, and *Romulus*.

His 48—or 1848—pounders, *Urban Grandier*, *Hamlet*, etc., were to escort this movement.

The enemy would then observe with a certain degree of apprehension, the advance of the serried columns of the *Constitutionnel*, in which was published *Isaac Laquedem*. The said *Isaac* to be reinforced, at need, by the *Mohicans of Paris*.

Finally, the overthrow of the enemy was to be accomplished by setting on the *Three Musketeers*.

I do not enlarge upon the *Thousand and One Phantoms*, which formed the reserve, in case the battle should be prolonged after night-fall, nor upon the *Forty Five*, which comprised the staff of M. Dumas. All these dramas and novels, teeming with so many thousand lives of Schamyl.

These plans were hardly drawn up, and the signal for the fight was not yet given, when a cry of triumph from the camp of Schamyl startled, for an instant, M. Dumas. He would have been still more surprised had he known the cause of the outcry. A negro, of prepossessing appearance, plump, and well-groomed, with white teeth, and a merry laugh, had just been seized at one of the custom-houses of Caucasus. On being interrogated, he acknowledged that he issued from the *Mousquetaire*. This reply gave the soldiers of Schamyl to believe that they had laid hands on M. Dumas himself. Unhappily, the joy of these mountaineers was of short duration. The letter of a Duchess, found upon the person of the amiable and chocolate-colored captive, established the fact, that his name was Cochinat (Victor). This young author had gone astray, it appears, on quitting the *Café des Variétés*, at an advanced hour of the night. On learning this fact, Schamyl was obliging enough to send him in safety to his Lares and Penates.

FOURTH DAY.

The grand decisive day! The Sun of Austerlitz, alluded to above, could not make up his mind to quit the horizon, so curious was he to be present at the great battle about to take place.

M. Dumas, having aimed the faithful Rusconi straight at the enemy, loaded him up to the muzzle with novels and plays.

At the given signal, Rusconi went off with a great bang. The complete works of M. Dumas exploded, one after the other, and made great havoc with the army of Schamyl.

I am obliged, by the austere impartiality which characterises the historian, to acknowledge that certain works of M. Dumas produced no effect, and that others entirely flashed in the pan, so to speak.

The *Viscount of Bragelonne*, for example, notwithstanding it fell with its one hundred and odd volumes right into the tent of Schamyl, failed to produce the slightest effect upon that illustrious chieftain.

"That is the fault of Maquet," said M. Dumas, with disappointment.

The *Knight of Harmental* equally failed in all his endeavors to approach Schamyl. The warrior invariably kept him at a distance.

"That is the fault of Maquet, again," cried M. Dumas, despairingly.

Finally, another [illegible] made an attempt, but was also repulsed by Schamyl.

"[illegible]" [illegible] compared.

It would appear that this M. Maquet, who is, without doubt, the founder in M. Dumas's literary foundry, must have mingled too much alloy in the bronze, of which the great novelist's [illegible] generally cast.

Another accident occurred, which for a moment, led the faithful Rusconi to believe that all was lost.

Rusconi was out of ammunition. [illegible] *The Companions of Jehu*. [illegible] to [illegible] Schamyl [illegible] through the [illegible] of M. Dumas, [illegible] was at the end of his resources.

Happily, M. Dumas preserved his entire presence of mind! Seizing pen, ink, and paper, at the end of an hour he had a new legion of novels and dramas, fit for the—fire.

The bombardment continued thus during several hours. Suddenly, all was hushed in the hostile camp. *Antony*, *Monte Christo*, and *the Three Musketeers*, fired at an early stage of the battle, had not reappeared. Had they succeeded, or had they been cut up? M. Dumas, unable to bear any longer the horrible anxiety of suspense, marched himself upon Schamyl to learn their fate.

Fancy his private satisfaction when, on penetrating into the enemy's camp, he learned that the victory had been his for upwards of an hour. The mountaineers of the Caucasus had easily resisted the *Viscount of Bragelonne*, a weak little man, without any consistency; but they had been gained over effectually by the millions of the *Count of Monte Christo!*

As to Schamyl, he had been arrested by *d'Artagnan* in the same manner in which the latter arrested the Man with the Iron Mask in days of yore. *Joseph Balsamo* had bejuggled him, and the *Forty-Five Guardsmen* had so completely enthralled him, that M. Dumas found the handcuffs with which he had provided himself, totally unnecessary.

POSTSCRIPT.—What shall I add to this epic page in the life of Alexander Dumas the Great? You will doubtless all see Schamyl appear ere long from the presses of Charlieu, or Cadot; and all the Russias are far more satisfied with him there than in the fastnesses in Mt. Caucasus.

All the histories of Schamyl, all his adventures in war, or in love, all his political or candle secrets have fallen into the hands of M. Dumas—an immense mine from which the great romancer will draw the wherewithal to live like a prince all the days of his life.

As to the mountaineers of Caucasus, they have not had the same luck with M. Dumas. The only thing they obtained from him, was one subscription to his journal, the *Monte Christo*.

JEAN ROUSSEAU.

ANTIPHON.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

Ver. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly.
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

Ver. The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out,
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PARIS:
PAINTED FROM LIFE.

"Paint me as I am."—CROMWELL.

"Now being from Paris recently,
This fine young man would show his skill."—[illegible]

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

CHAPTER X.

The Coffee-Concert—The Men and Women who [illegible]—Familiarity with [illegible]—[illegible] Know the Waiters—The First Class English Servant—[illegible] He is—The First Class French [illegible]—The Coffee-Concert Again—The Author's Acquaintances—Difference Between the French, English, Germans, and Americans as Talkers—A Frenchman's Mind like a Battery—Students and Studentesses—The Latter not to be Damped—Octavie and Rosalie.

The Coffee-Concert, sketched in the preceding chapter, was my favorite resort for years. Every Summer it was transferred to a large lattice-work enclosure in Madame street, at the northwest corner of the Garden of the Luxembourg. The place became a necessity to me. The men and women who frequented it became as familiar to me as the daily loungers on the Boulevards; and the "familiarity" did *not* "breed contempt." Night after night I would sit at my little table (for I had selected one as far as possible from the orchestra, which I generally contrived to secure), and while tranquilly sipping my little cup of café noir, and smoking my clay pipe, observed the curious people by whom I was surrounded, until, at last, nearly every individual had unwittingly revealed to me something of his (or her) secret history. All the waiters got to know me, and one of them—whose scarred face told more touchingly than the pages of Lamartine or Louis Blanc of the revolutions through which he had passed,—would bring my invariable cup of coffee without my even ordering it. It would often be placed on my table before I had seen him. There was no servility about the man, but he was the most [illegible], the most sprightly, the most sensible servant I have ever seen.

The first-class English servant is something appalling. He is the most solemn creature in the world. I never could get rid of the idea that he was doomed and set apart by some awful and mysterious [illegible], the memory of which haunted him like a guilty conscience. He seems like the said "of the Shadow of death." I remember a corps of these solemnities at [illegible]'s Inn, London, who affected me like a band of Black Friars. I would as soon have been served by ghosts. When one of them had received an order he would disappear so stealthily, and return so mysteriously, that it was difficult not to believe that he immediately sunk through a crack [illegible] risen up again through the same place. [illegible]

[illegible]

by asking for his [illegible]

I had a similar experience at the [illegible]

[illegible] as if it were the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

But to return to the Coffee-Concert. Of course I [illegible] French are a [illegible] race, and more than any other addicted to talk. They are the only great talkers I have met with who were not great bores. The reason is, that they don't talk at you like the English, the American, the German, but with you. They are not so humorous as the English, however, nor so grave as the German, nor so 'cute as the Yankee; but they are more ready, more genial, and more witty than either. Their weakness is a passion for generalization and paradox. But even this is a charm. A Frenchman's mind is like a lightly charged electric battery, from which you are constantly receiving the most agreeable shocks.

The acquaintances I made at the concert were generally students and studentesses. Most of the former were from the country. This was evident at a glance. They lacked the city touch. They were Frenchmen in the rough, and had been sent to Paris to get a little "shine." But the country ore is difficult to polish. There is something wrong in the grain. It is too soft. You might as well try to polish pudding-stone or putty. This, however, was no objection to me. I was seeking for character, not lustre. I had seen patent-leather heads enough in London and New York. Besides, too much polish destroys the natural enamel, which no artificial brightness can replace. Not that I am an admirer of rusticity. The gods forbid! Your country clown is a very good creature, no doubt, and so is a donkey, or a duck, but not for companionship. He "works up" well in pastorals, and adorns a tale fitly enough, but he doesn't bear inspection. Your country wench, too, has her attractions, like a hen, or a cow, but as a woman—well, even as a woman she is not without a certain charm, and as a figure in a landscape she is invaluable.

The milk-maid 'neath the cow, or tree,
A pretty picture is to see,
But nothing more.

My student friends were generally "countrified" without being clownish. Some of them, among the new-comers, were in a rather crude state, like so much raw material, but this made them all the more interesting; for to watch them as they were being manufactured, was like watching the process of crystallisation—or dock-making.

The studentesses, whom I came to know, may be judged of, in general, by the description already given. Contact with students had made some of them very bright. They seemed to have been educated by friction. They were not so remarkable for their knowledge as for their smartness. They were like our Western orators—smart in inverse proportion to their learning. They were educated, but not cultivated. What they knew had been learned, not from books, but from experience. Some of them had rather superior minds. I remember two, in particular, Mademoiselles Octavie and Rosalie—who who were among the most intelligent persons of my acquaintance. Neither of them could read or write; but

"They knew *what's what*; and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Statisticians, who go about classifying men and women, as if they were minerals, would have placed them in the category of "*Persons with no instruction.*" But neither Octavie or Rosalie could be made into a statistic. They would be as much out of place in a tabular statement as a figure of rhetoric. I was not likely myself to consult the statistician's blunder as to their [illegible], for the most ignorant persons I knew were graduates from our first colleges; M.D.'s, A.B.'s, B.A.'s, D.D.'s, etc., who were

"Small by degrees—"

with the natural impossibility of ever becoming

"—beautifully less."

Octavie and Rosalie had graduated at the school of Nature. They had each summered about twenty Winters. Their chief educational defect, as the world would call it, was a refreshing ignorance of literature. But though they know little about books, and nothing about authors, they had more good sense than could be distilled out of a dozen libraries. Your mere scholar was a fool to them.

Octavie had a natural genius for drawing faces. Stiff used to say she was a prodigy. She never bothered herself much about accuracy of detail, but would seize at once upon a man's characteristic trait of body or mind, and with a touch of her pencil make it speak to you like a confession.

"She saw the manners in the face,
And drew the essential forms of grace."

I remember her drawing the head of a poor student, who had lost one of his legs in the revolution of 1848. Stiff told her she had given a one-legged expression to the face itself; and so she had—the features were correct, but they limped. One of her portraits was better than a biography; for she could read character if she couldn't read books. Her mind was not lumbered with other people's thoughts, there was "ample scope and verge enough" for her own. The mysterious Sanscrit of the human countenance was the only scripture she could understand. "Silence," said she to me one day, as I was trying to evade one of her questions, by seeming not to have heard it, "is much more dangerous for you than speech. When your tongue stops talking, your lip commences and tells the whole story. The tongue is a natural liar, and therefore keeps out of sight. But the treacherous lip, though a servant of the tongue, is always ready to betray its master. So if you wish to deceive me, keep your tongue swinging like a bell, and my ears may lead me astray. But when my ears are asleep, depend upon it my eyes more than fill their place."

The keenness of such a woman was not to be eluded. Her room was always a confessional to me. It was so to every one. Hence her criticisms of society were almost as good as her caricatures of individuals. After being bored by some student with an insipid hash of commonplace literature, or after skimming pert articles in some literary review, to meet with such a mind as hers, which gave everything at first hand, was like getting into a ripe orchard after sickening all Summer on poor preserves.

Rosalie was not so merry as Octavie, but was much more introspective. She studied her own nature, and generalized from that as to the nature of others. She was silent as a star, and therein differed as much from Octavie as a sundial from a townclock. She would sit a whole evening without saying more than ten words, but those ten words were as authoritative as the ten commandments.

Her serenity amid the confused scenes about her was like the calm still water amid the chaos of a great city. [illegible] Why and how she became what she was, I never [illegible]. It was none of my business. The student to whom she was attached, was an enthusiastic young fellow "in the law." Their love for each other was a religion. Their demeanor to each other—to superficial eyes—was next almost to indifference; but they were always together, and thus evidently more than happy. [illegible] stincts and emotions deadened and depraved by conventional morality and heartless gentility. She was "a very honorable and sincere woman;" and though no stone marks the place of her burial—[illegible] there were enough thrown at her to make her a monument—I find it always green, and never without a tribute of fresh flowers.

Of course Octavie and Rosalie are not given as types. Poor girls, they were more like shadows. I have introduced them to the reader because they were introduced to me. The ordinary studentess requires no introduction. It is enough to see her. And, to be frank, she had no attraction for me. I didn't like her "make." There are some people, moreover, who should be kept at a good focal distance. I wouldn't have them destroyed, for doubtless they have their uses, like snobs and vermin, which we only attack when they annoy us. They are certainly useful in the way of variety. Wanting them, or any other creatures, the great world-scape would be deficient in some element of beauty. Shade is as necessary to a picture as light, and variety is not only the "spice," but the *condition* of life. Nothing is uniform but death.

[To be continued in our next.]

GUROWSKI.

The Count de Gurowski has honored us with a letter, couched of course, in an aristocratic style of high-breeding, of which the following is a precise copy:

To the Editor or director of personalities in the Tribune:

As you published in to-day's *Tribune* only half the story concerning me and Mr. Herzen, *if you are a gentleman?* you will publish my answer to Herzen inserted in the *Evening Post* yesterday, December 23, 1858.

Friday. GUROWSKI.

As we desire nothing in the world so ardently as to prove that we are a gentleman, and as, in the eyes of so eminent a judge of what constitutes a gentleman as the Count de Gurowski, the only thing necessary to establish our claim to that distinction is to copy his letter from the *Evening Post*, we hasten to perform the duty:

Sir: I am gratified to learn from your solemn declaration, contained in a recent number of *La Cloche*, that my statement in *The New York Evening Post* of the 22d of October, to the effect that you had sold your serfs, was erroneous.

The opportunity must therefore be still open to you (and I may be allowed to express the hope that you will lose no time in embracing it) to illustrate by your own example, the splendid philanthropy of which you are so distinguished an advocate; and by forthwith emancipating your serfs, distributing among them in just proportions, the lands they have hitherto cultivated, and conferring upon them such other privileges as may be within your power, at once vindicate the sincerity of your own professions, and carry the idea of emancipation to a point which the Emperor, in his benevolent designs, never dreamed of reaching.

New York, Dec. 23, 1858. GUROWSKI.

To Alexander Herzen, London.

Having thus placed our character as a gentleman beyond the possibility of question, we are probably competent to make one or two observations. First, then, it is our impression that this letter does not exhibit the Count de Gurowski in a perfectly creditable light. He had made certain positive public allegations respecting Mr. Herzen which that gentleman pronounced false and calumnious. Now, as it seems that these allegations were made without any ground, and as in fact, their author admits that they were false, we submit that it would have been appropriate for him to make for his calumny a very different apology from the insolent epistle which he has so pompously summoned us to copy. Still, we offer this suggestion with diffidence; we have been a gentleman for so short a time that we have no great confidence in our own opinion on such delicate matters. But, as a second point, we are bound to withdraw an intimation contained in our paragraph of yesterday, that probably but for the intervention of the ocean there would be a duel between the parties. We are convinced from the above letter that this was unjust to the Count de Gurowski, and we retract it accordingly.—*Tribune.*

ODE TO A TOBACCO PIPE.

BY JAMES HAMMOND.

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy, taper waist,
With my gentle finger braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the cricket's gay
(Little cricket, full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine;
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men.

JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

The Japanese are fine fellows, and altogether a superior race to the Chinese. They are strictly honorable in all their dealings, and possess all those essential qualities which make men honest, generous, and brave. We were but a week there, and were most courteously treated the whole time; cutting about everywhere both in the town (Nagasaki) and the country. The country was most beautiful and picturesque, and cultivated with the most elaborate care, even to the highest peaks of the hills.

The Japanese are highly civilised and fully alive to the superiority of Europeans in science. They have already made themselves masters of steam, and understand the electric telegraph. In Jeddo, where they had never seen an European ship, they had built vessels from European plans, but although the workmanship was exquisite, the vessels themselves when constructed were, as you may imagine, rather curious than useful. The town of Nagasaki contained upwards of 70,000 inhabitants, but the streets were so quiet and so few people were to be seen moving about that you might have supposed there was not a tithe of that number; but one corroborative fact that in my opinion proves the extent of the population is the number of tea gardens in the vicinity; of which, according to the most moderate computation, there cannot be less than seven hundred. All these gardens were laid out in the most tasteful manner, half garden and half wilderness. Within doors, the house is divided into a number of small rooms, scrupulously well kept with clean mats, but with very little other furniture. A principal attraction of these gardens, however, consists doubtless in the troops of "neat-handed Phyllises" that attend upon them. After taking off your shoes you go up-stairs and recline on the softest of all conceivable mats, and presently in comes a most delicious repast, composed of all sorts of Japanese luxuries, of which commend me, before all the rest, to a Japanese salad. The genius of Alexis Soyer never conceived aught to equal this luxury. But as the best of feasts would be insipid without female society, numbers of fair girls [illegible] the salon, help you to the daintiest morsels with the most delicate attention, and when you throw yourself back [illegible] lull you in the land of dreams with the softest and most plaintive music I ever heard. "Think of that, Master Brook!" All these girls are intelligent, well dressed, and graceful in the extreme, and as such are held in high estimation by the Japanese, who have no qualms or squeamishness about bringing their families into these gardens to take lessons in "deportment" from the attendant houris I have mentioned; whose "frailties" do by no means interfere with their subsequent fortunes, since they marry and are given in marriage without scruple or discredit. All the married women blacken their teeth and cut off their eyebrows, which makes them look hideous. On the whole, I need not tell you that we were very sorry to leave Japan.—*English paper.*

For THE SATURDAY PRESS.

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE AT FAULT.

The *N. Y. Tribune* of December 24th, contains a leader describing the artistic destitution of the White House, in which allusion is made to a portrait of Washington, *artist unknown*.

While admiring the piquant style of the writer, I cannot but deplore that he is not better acquainted with facts—the portrait in question being an original by Stuart, and one of his master-pieces.

I send you the following interesting account of this portrait prepared by Jacob Barker, Esq., who, as will be seen, assisted in saving the picture when Washington was occupied by the British in 1814.

ARTIST.

THE PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON
WHICH ADORNS THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

The invading army of the British had landed at Patuxent about the 20th of August, 1814, and took up their march for the capital, in the direction of the Wood-yards, twelve miles distant, where the American forces, under the command of General Winder, were concentrating.

President Madison, accompanied by General Armstrong, Secretary of War, visited the Wood-yards on the 23d, for the purpose of conferring with General Winder. He was not there. The troops seemed to be much fatigued by the marches and counter-marches to which they had been subjected. The President and Secretary returned to Washington.

George Washington Campbell, Secretary of the Treasury, and Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy, called on General Armstrong for information. He informed them that, from the absence of the General and the appearance of the troops, he apprehended that the British would be in possession of the city the next day. They queried why he, a Revolutionary officer, did not put himself at the head of the army and defend the city. He replied that the Secretary of War was a chamber officer, without authority to assume the command. They inquired if he would do so if the President authorized it? His reply was, Certainly. They immediately repaired to the White House, when the President deferred the decision, saying he would convene a Cabinet council the next morning at seven o'clock, at the navy-yard, when the subject should be considered and decided. The Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Monroe, who repaired to Bladensburg very early, to which place our troops were retreating, met at the appointed hour. At eight o'clock General Armstrong, being clothed with authority to put himself at the head of the army and defend the city, left for Bladensburg, accompanied by Mr. Campbell. The President reconsidered, and left at nine o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Rush, the Attorney-General, for Bladensburg, to recall General Armstrong. On reaching that place, a few minutes before the fight began, he said to General Armstrong, it is too late to make any change—come with me, and leave the defence with the military authorities, where it belongs; then turned to Mr. Monroe, and other civil officials who were on the ground, and said the same thing to them. They all bowed assent, General Armstrong remarking, if the President would wait a moment, he would see the effect of the Congreve rockets; that the enemy were then preparing to let them off. To which the President had scarce time to reply, before the rockets came whistling about their ears, which caused an instantaneous flight of the troops, with the exception of one or two regiments of Maryland militia. The 5th and 9th made fight, and distinguished themselves. To those regiments which made good battle were attached General Stansbury and Colonel Pinckney.

On their retreat, about one mile and a half from Bladensburg, towards the capital, the President met Commodore Barney and his brave men, remaining with them until they encountered the enemy, dealing out death and destruction with tremendous effect, until the Commodore was shot down at his gun, for the want of having his flank protected. The writer had the relation of this affair from the President, at the White House, on the day of its occurrence. He remarked that he never would have believed in the difference between regular troops and militia, if he had not witnessed the scenes of that day.

As soon as our troops broke and retreated, the President sent his servant express to warn his good lady of her danger, with directions to leave immediately. This messenger reached the White House about two o'clock. Mrs. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Cutts, with two servants, left immediately thereafter. Mrs. Madison's last words were, Save the portrait of General Washington, if possible; if you cannot save it, destroy it—under no circumstances allow it to fall into the hands of the British; it is the original, by Stuart; all others are copies. Soon after this the President returned, remained about an hour, described the battle, the flight of the militia, and the inroads on the columns of the British by the fire from Commodore Barney's guns, it making perfect lanes through the ranks, which the soldiers immediately filled up without turning their heads to see what had become of their companions. He then left to join Mrs. Madison. About this time the retreating army halted for a few minutes before the President's house. The weather was oppressively hot, and the soldiers greatly fatigued. After supplying them with wine from the White House, Mr. Jacob Barker and Mr. Robert G. L. Depeyster, of New York, aided by two colored boys, took the portrait from the floor where Mrs. Madison had left it, and fell into the trail of the army, and continued with it until nightfall, when they turned off to a farm-house near the margin of the Tiber, where they passed the night, and left the portrait with the farmer's wife for safe keeping. They army encamped two miles further on, and the following day retreated to Montgomery court-house.

After the lapse of a month or two, Mr. Barker visited the farm-house, reclaimed the portrait, and restored it to Mrs. Madison.

The accuracy of a statement made by Mr. Barker and Mr. Depeyster was publicly questioned by Mr. Daniel J. Carroll.

On the publication of Mr. Carroll's letter, Mr. Depeyster applied to Mrs. Madison for her version of the story. Her reply appeared in the *New York Express*, with a copy of a record made by herself on the memorable day of its occurrence:

"WASHINGTON, February 11th, 1848.

"*Dear Sir:* I did not receive your favor containing the newspapers, and therefore is my impatience to assure you of my gratitude for the interest you take in my defence in the little narrative of the picture rescue.

"You will see by the enclosed what was said at the time. The impression that Mr. Carroll saved Stuart's portrait of Washington is erroneous. The paper which was to accompany your letter has not reached me, but I have heard that his family believed he rescued it. On the contrary, Mr. Carroll had left me to join Mr. Madison, when I directed my servants in what manner to remove it from the wall, remaining with them until it was done. I saw Mr. Barker and yourself (the two gentlemen alluded to) passing, and accepted your offer to assist me, in any way, by inviting you to help me to preserve this portrait, which you kindly carried between you, to the humble but safe roof which sheltered it awhile. I acted thus because of my respect for General Washington—not that I felt a desire to gain laurels; but, should there be a merit in remaining an hour in danger of life and liberty to save the likeness of anything, the merit in this belongs to me.

"Accept my respect and best wishes,
"D. P. MADISON.

"To Robert G. L. Depeyster, Westport, Connecticut."

"Extract from a letter to my sister, published in the sketch of my life, written for the National Portrait Gallery:

"WASHINGTON, 24th of August, 1814.

"*Dear Sister:* Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvass taken out; it is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell! "D. P. MADISON."

Original Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR.

I.

Tick-tick,—tick-tick,
The old clock on the shelf
Goes singing, singing on,
Then strikes—now Eleven—now Twelve,
When, hush! the Old Year is gone;
Yet still tick-tick, tick-tick,
The clock sings all the same,
Nor slow, nor quick,
The same tick-tick
Keeps singing all the same.

II.

Click-click,—click-click,
The dull log on the hearth
Mimics the heartless clock,
And shows nor pain, nor mirth,
As if the Old Year to mock
With its dull click-click, click-click,
Which it mutters all the same,
Nor slow, nor quick,
The same click-click
Which it mutters all the same.

III.

Quick, quick,—quick, quick,
Meanwhile my sorrowing heart
Throbs with a double throb,
That the Year and I must part,
And it with ne'er a sob,
Though, alas! its dread death-tick
Makes my heart beat all the same,
So quick, so quick,
Its dread death-tick
Makes my heart beat all the same.

H. C., JR.

BEER.

I.

Here,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by.
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

II.

O! finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar!
Why
Should I
Weep, wail, or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer—
Cigars and beer?

III.

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Go weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear—
But leave to me my beer!
Gold is dross—
Love is loss—
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or let them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
Without the cross!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1859.

WE wish everybody in the world,—not excepting Mr. John Avarice Washington, of Mount Vernon,—a Happy New Year.

THE press of advertisements has been so great this week, that we have been obliged to exclude from our columns a large amount of original matter, including several valuable communications.

"Leaves from a Lady's Portfolio" and "My Subjects" are in type, and will appear next week.

EDITORS in any part of the country desiring to exchange with THE SATURDAY PRESS, can do so on condition that they give our Prospectus a prominent insertion in their columns.

CORRECTION.

MR. O'BRIEN's poem in our last number, entitled "WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT ME," appeared originally in *Harper's Monthly*, to which, as the Messrs. Harper have very properly reminded us, it should, of course, have been duly credited. The more so, as copying the productions of authors and artists, native or foreign, without crediting them to the proper source, is a practice against which we have constantly and vehemently protested. It is very gratifying to us, now, to find that we are joined in this protest by the Messrs. Harper, whose powerful influence will accomplish much more than THE SATURDAY PRESS alone, could ever hope to, in the way of covering all such practices with deserved ignominy.

CARD.

THE SATURDAY PRESS enters to-day upon its second volume, and celebrates the occasion by presenting itself in an entirely new dress, to which, at the risk of moving the tasteful mirth of our contemporaries, we cannot forego the pleasure of calling attention. We confess, without reserve, that we are proud of our gallant little sheet, and send it abroad to the world with a feeling of almost exultant satisfaction. The truth is that we issued our first number with many doubts as to the result. We were told on every hand, that a paper which refused to pander to the tastes of the populace, which would not dabble in the dirty pool of party-politics, which did not advocate some kind of "ism," which could not be bought up (opinions and all) by the first flash advertiser who came along, which dared to indulge in honest criticism of anybody or anything, which, in a word, exercised the least manly independence, could not by any possibility succeed. And we humbly apologise to the public for having been half disposed to believe as much ourselves. This apology is due, out of sheer gratitude, and we make it with a full heart. The simple state of the case is, that the public is as much charmed with the novelty of a brave, free, independent, outspoken paper, as we are; and no better proof of this is needed than the fact that THE SATURDAY PRESS still lives, and not only lives but flourishes. *Ecce signum.*

A CHAPTER FROM "FIGARO."

In another column will be found a lively *jeu d'esprit* translated for THE SATURDAY PRESS from the Paris *Figaro*. It has reference to the latest exploit of that modern Knight-Errant, M. Alexandre Dumas. This gentleman having gone to Russia, nominally with the intention of obtaining from the Emperor the direction of the St. Petersburg Theatre, but really in order to escape from his legion of creditors, lately set out for the Caucasus with the avowed purpose of obtaining an interview with Schamyl, the hitherto unconquerable, ubiquitous, unconquerable Abd el Kader of the Caucasian Hills. It is of course evident to every one who knows M. Dumas, that he has but one object in pursuing the mountain warrior in his fastnesses. As "Figaro" says, "he is out of copy." Having exhausted every possible type of hero, Schamyl, exceptional and original, alone remains. If M. Dumas has succeeded, as "Figaro" says he has, in bringing the Caucasian Goliath to terms, we may expect, during the coming year, to have his adventures parceled in one or two hundred volumes written in the shortest possible paragraphs. If this happens, M. Dumas will make a million or so of francs, build another Chateau of Monte Christo, run three millions in debt, sell everything at the end of a year, and set out on a fresh adventure.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

It is half-past eleven P. M.

The last day of December is about to make its exit In thirty minutes, by the clock, there will be a death and a birth in the family—in Time's family, we mean. The Old Year will be buried, decently and with some thought, we trust; and the New Year will rule the world, heir to the royal robes of the seasons—the white robe for its youth, the green for its prime, and the mantle of sere and yellow leaves for its old age.

We cling to time as we get older; we part with it reluctantly. Our old friends are dearer; and when the Year, which has made merry and sorrowful music for us, is dying, we would keep it with us yet awhile longer; we have things to say and do, things to undo and unsay; and the cry rises to our heart, if not always to our lips:

> "Old Year, you shall not die;
> We did so laugh and cry with you,
> We've half a mind to die with you,
> Old Year, if you must die!"

Ah! if we could conjure back the poor ghost! Would it be well?

It lacks twenty-five minutes of twelve.

There is restless life in the streets. The brilliant lights in the shop-windows on Broadway flare on a wonderful panorama of faces—some as fresh as beauty and youth can make them, and some old, and wan, and pitiful. The horses, with their girdles of silver bells, have gone mad with melody. The sleighs dart to and fro like huge ground-swallows. Now you catch a glimpse of a lovely face peering from the silky buffalo robes, now a little white hand arranging the furs—you see a diamond sparkling on the dainty third finger. Peals of laughter break from Miss Sweetlips, as the sleigh dashes by, and the ragged beggar pauses and listens. A band of music passes through the street playing gay airs. The music grows fainter and fainter, and is lost in the night, the solemn, cold, starry night that hangs over the great city.

A quarter to twelve, says the clock.

There is snow on the long streets of the city, snow on the melancholy leafless trees which shiver in the parks, as if they were waiting for somebody; snow on the house-tops, and up in the dizzy belfry, where certain metallic little birds are nestled. They are silent and stiff with cold; they tremble as the wind shrieks among the beams and rafters overhead, and when a sudden gust sprinkles them with snow, they shake off the flakes petulantly. They will sing anon. Mysterious airs circle around the belfry: there are half audible voices—voices of sorrow and complaint—voices that breath words of hope, and trust, and love; there is a rustling of frosty wings, and snow-stars fall when the pinions brush against each other in the darkness. But no human eye can see these things. You see only the dismal grey church, the massive carven door-way, the Gothic windows, the square belfry, and the sharp spire which pierces the gloomy atmosphere, and seems to prick a star here and there on the lowering clouds. But, nevertheless, there are weird people out to-night, and the air about the steeple is thick with them. It is ghost-time. The phantoms of Long Ago hover near our firesides, and sit in vacant chairs. Old voices haunt us as we pass into unlighted rooms—faces of children, and gentle women, and we forget for a moment that

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that we have pressed
> In their bloom."

There are familiar footfalls on the stair-way, and voices of other days.

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We stare in the grate, and the book we have been reading closes on our finger.

It is twelve o'clock.

Was he a friend of yours, that Old Year? Did he bring you sorrow in many shapes? Did he give you a restless heart and a tired brain? Let him go, then! But if he were kind, if he filled your cup with sweet wines, and bade Love to wait upon your life—why, weep for him, for he is dead. The New Year may not be as kind. If the Old wronged you, the New shall right you. It shall bring you many and precious things. It shall lead you in pleasanter ways; and, ere it grow old and ripe, and ready to drop into the grave, you shall (if you are a lover) touch hands with—let us call her Youth—and Beauty and Goodness, for she ought to be all these!

Listen! the city bells toll for the Old Year.

> "His face is growing sharp and thin.
> A'lack! our friend is gone.
> Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
> Step from the corpse, and let him in
> That standeth there alone,
> And waiteth at the door.
> There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
> And a new face at the door, my friend,
> A new face at the door."

And for all good Christian souls we pray—God be wi' you!

PLEASING PICTURES.

We read in *The Century* (the passage occurring, as nearly as we can remember, about a mile and a half from the foot of the ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth column of the eighteen hundred and forty-ninth page of that infinite and stupendous sheet) that "Civilization has pushed its way everywhere across the ice to lie down in the snow huts of the Esquimaux, over the arid desert to roost with the wild Africans in the tree-tops, across a wide ocean to inculcate morals to Sandwich Island beauties, and through stormy seas to preach the humane precepts of religion to New Zealand cannibals.'"

The picture of Civilization roosting with the wild Africans in the tree-top is so graphic, not to say grand, that it ought to be made the subject of what Mrs. Partington would call a Historical Sketch.

We learn, also, on the same authority, that India Rubber—the new applications of which are specified among the grand achievements of the Age,—now "pleases childhood with its rattle and toys," and, "spread over the indispensable piano, guards its sensitive nerves from the drafts and moisture of the drawing-room atmosphere, and is clothing us from head to foot, *tempers the wind and the storm to the tenderest lamb of civilization.*"

The pathetic allusion to the indispensable piano with its sensitive nerves is truly exquisite, while the tender lamb of civilization touch moves us almost to tears.

N.B.—Now if the *N. Y. Times* goes and says, after this, that we are jealous of *The Century*, we shall at once expunge that cruel daily from our exchange list.

AFTER-DINNER QUOTATION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

What am I to [sic] Cuba,
Or [sic] Cuba to me,
That I should conquer her?

NEW FEATURE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

We are pleased to learn that *The Atlantic Monthly*, following in the footsteps of THE SATURDAY PRESS, will hereafter publish, in every number, a complete list of the books published since its last issue. If it would imitate our example still further, and publish, at the same time, a complete list of books in press, it would doubtless find the experiment as successful as it has proved to be in our own case.

Meanwhile, we beg to call the attention of the reading public, and of all persons interested in the purchase and sale of books, to the fact, that THE SATURDAY PRESS is the only newspaper in the country which has ever had the enterprise to undertake the publication of any such lists. This fact alone entitles THE SATURDAY PRESS to the support of all the book-publishers, booksellers, book-collectors, book-readers, librarians, and book-lovers in the country, who will be good enough, therefore, to send in their subscriptions at once.

CARICATURE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Century, in its notice of "A Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by Augusta Moore," whom the [illegible] describes as "an intelligent female disciple" ([illegible] of whom, but meaning, it is to be presumed, of Beecher) remarks:—

The "Passages" are heralded by an "introductory" preface of a character which, it were to be wished, were uncommon enough to be pronounced [illegible]. But we have read other things of the kind. Mr. Beecher is a man of courage. If he can face this [illegible] he can face anything. This is said of what is called "the Transfiguration," [meaning the aforesaid Beecher] when "the perhaps somewhat rough and rugged intellect has stirred itself and arisen for action, and the torpedo-like heart is on fire."

> "His forehead is white and high, and shines like the brow of a sun-touched mountain; his eyes beam clear and mild, now with the strength of the man, again with love and innocence, like the eye of a babe; his close-shaven chin and the lower part of his cheeks are shaded, as if by the brush of an artist; there is no longer a rugged line, or a rough look about him, his aspect is altogether noble, beautiful, serene."

There may be less exaggeration in this than there appears to be, but it is precisely the kind of a thing a man would not like to see in print of himself. Another peculiarity of Mr. Beecher's appearance, we are told, is that his front face resembles a lion, and his profile a sheep. It may be all very vivid, but—a penny worth of reserve, good biographers!

MOUNT VERNON.

The New York *Times*, in allusion to one of the many tricks proposed for adding to the Mount-Vernon fund, very sensibly remarks:

> The Mount Vernon zeal is very well in its way, and very commendable when it is natural and spontaneous; but it is in serious danger of becoming a bore. If there is not patriotism enough among our people to purchase the home of the Father of his Country, without levying contributions at every corner and on every possible occasion, then let it remain in the hands of its present possessor. We should be sorry to see a project which should commend itself to the heart of every American, reduced to the level of a gift enterprise. Let us, at all events, make our New-Year's calls without being subjected to any such importunities.

Literary Notes.

— We missed a treat, last week, by being too busy to cut the leaves of the holiday issue of *Harper's Weekly*. The number in question contains a poem which "starts off" with the following cheerful statement:

> "Christ was born on a Christmas morn."

Which is just about as distracting as if one should say that Christmas was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

— The *Portsmouth, N. H., Journal*, the *N. H. Gazette*, the *New Orleans Sunday Picayune*, the *Pittsburgh True Press*, and some two hundred other papers, have neglected to give us credit for the original poems which they have reprinted from the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS. You have good taste, gentlemen, but that is no reason why you should not be honest.

— On Monday evening, the sixth lecture of the course before the Mechanic Apprentices' Association, was delivered in the Tremont Temple, Boston, by the Hon. Horace Mann, of Ohio. The Rev. John Pierpont read the poem which was to have been delivered at the opening of this course.

— Wendell Phillips delivered his lecture on "Theory and Practice," before the Boston Mercantile Association, last Wednesday evening.

— Mrs. Begg *neé* Burns, the youngest sister of the Scottish poet, died recently at her cottage near Ayr, in her eighty-eighth year. On the death of her husband, in 1818, she supported herself and nine children by sewing and teaching. After a number of years an annual pension of ten pounds was granted to her, and in 1842, a subscription was raised, amounting to four hundred pounds, part of which being invested in an annuity, dies with her, the remainder going to her children. Mrs. Begg bore considerable personal resemblance to her brother.

— In the last number of the *Charivari*, Mr. Thackeray is described as "*le grand humoriste Anglais* [illegible] *les colonnes du Juillet; ce gentleman à la figure noble et* [illegible]*, aux cheveux grisâtres au regard puissant, le nez écrasé comme celui de Michel Ange à cause d'un coup de poign.* (hence his assumption of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh). He is a great writer, having been six months at Cambridge University; he is a great caricaturist, having studied classic painting at Munich and Rome; a powerful joker, having been Paris correspondent of a paper set up by Joe Hume, called the London *Constitutional*. A man of the world, he has yet a feminine susceptibility, which one Yates has elicited."

— The Academy of Sciences, at Munich, will celebrate its customary jubilee on the 28th and 29th of next March. Several pamphlets in honor of the occasion are already in press. Among others, Unprinted Sonnets of Petrarca, edited by Professor Thomas; Hitherto Unknown Arabian Historians, by Dr. Joseph Muller, who has just returned from his scientific tour in Spain; Fragments of Dexippus on the Categories of Aristotle; On a New Construction of the Reflector-Telescope, by Herr Steinheil; On the Strength of Light of the Planets, by Herr Seidel; On the First Discoveries of America, with rare and until now, unknown maps, by Herr Guntzmann. A History of the Academy is being written by Baron von Rudhart.

— Professor Mommsen, of Oldenburg, to whom Germany is indebted for two complete editions of Shakespeare, is now zealously at work reprinting (in the original) the two earliest impressions of Romeo and Juliet, the one of 1597, and the other of 1599, to be presented on opposite pages so that instant comparison of the different texts may be made. The work is to be accompanied by an elaborate preface upon the merits of the quarto of the play, printed anterior to the appearance of the folio, in 1623. It seems to be settled that the quarto of 1597 was surreptitious, and that it was made of from memory and from short-hand notes taken in the theatre during the performance.

— Lamartine, in closing the third year of his *Cours de Littérature*, addresses to his subscribers what he facetiously terms an *explication franche*, in which he laments the bad success attending the national subscription to his name, furnishes an interesting history of his debts, and gives the reason why he does not sell his lands, *i. e.*, because nobody will buy them. He concludes thus:—"It has been affirmed that I am about to abandon my property to my creditors, and to leave France. Far from me be such a thought. I work, and I mean to work. I do not despair; active patience will in the end overcome misfortune, and the saddest day has its morrow."

— Bayard Taylor is about beginning his lecturing tour through the West. He will not return to this city for several months.

— Mr. George Augustus Sala, the author of "A Journey Due North," and several brilliant papers in Dickens's *Household Words*, is delivering a lecture on "Old London Cries." He pronounced the lecture with great success at the St. Bartholomew's Working Men's Literary Institute, on the 14th ult.

— The French papers state that Béranger's library is about to be sold by auction. Though not a buyer of books, Béranger's collection is not only an extensive but a valuable one, containing presentation copies from all the French authors of repute, among which are the works of Thiers, Lamartine, Lamennais, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Michelet, Augustin Thierry, Cousin, Delavigne, and Victor Hugo. The autographic dedications to the title-pages of many of these volumes are not the least valuable features of the collection. The books will probably bring large prices.

— Rev. Ralph Hoyt has just brought out a second series of his occasional poems. Mr. Hoyt's poetry abounds in slight quaintnesses, and is eminently [illegible].

— Mr. [illegible], of autograph fame, proposes to bring out in London, [illegible]

[illegible]

All at once, we have a batch of small satirists—Mr. Bailey at their head—in England, and one really powerful satirist in America, namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" we most gladly welcome, as being not only the best volume of satires since the Anti-Jacobin, but as also the first work of real and efficient political satire which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the [illegible] have beaten us on the ground, utterly and apparently hopelessly beaten, by a Yankee, in one important department of Poetry. In the United States social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized society. The "peculiar domestic institution," the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the tyranny of a vulgar "public opinion," and the charlatanism, which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist, which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell.

A hundred years hence, Mr. Lowell's Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one, whereas, most of the subjects offered by European politics are such as would require an explanatory commentary twenty years hence, just as it is the case at present with the satires of Byron and Moore. The only subject in the social state of England at all rivalling in satiric capabilities any one of half-a-dozen subjects seized by the author of the "Biglow Papers" is the strange and portentous despotism which threatens, as usual, to arise from the very heart of freedom—a despotism against which songs and assassins would be equally powerless, namely, that of the newspaper Press, which combines the two most fatal elements of tyranny, popularity, and an enmity to all individual excellence.

Satire, at once so genial and good-humored, and yet so [illegible] as that of "Ezekiel Biglow," is, indeed, a relief after the weary platitudes which have recently appeared, under the name of satire, in England. Out of a volume, as full as it can hold, of good stuff, we shall take, almost at random, a few specimens for the edification of that large proportion of our readers to whom this very remarkable work is probably unknown.

There is no portion of "Hudibras" itself which is, space for space, so abundant in fun and hard hits as the "Remarks of Increase D. O'Phace, Esquire, at an extrumpery caucus in State street."

— A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes as follows:

> The first and last work on medicine, in the Turkish language, was printed in Scutari in 1820. It was called, "Mirror of the Bodies," a folio sheet, with 300 pages, containing 56 anatomical plates. The publication of this work was hailed in Europe as a great event, considering that the *Koran* forbids to make plates of the human body. It is never allowed to open a body, even if, as the Koran expresses it, "the dead person should have swallowed the most precious pearl, which did not belong to him." The author was Cham-Zadeh, Mehemmed-Ata-Ula, a member of the Ulemas. It is remarkable that a particular Hatti-sherif—an edict of the Sultan—was required to allow its publication.
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> Printing was first introduced in Constantinople in 1726. It was interrupted again from 1743 till 1784, and since its introduction, until the late war broke out—that is in a period of over 100 years—only about sixty books have been published!

— The *Eclectic Magazine* commences its new volume on the first of January. The work is made up of careful and varied selections from the best foreign magazines of the day, giving the reader, each month, the cream of periodical literature. The following contents of the January number will furnish our readers with the scope and character of the compilation:—Woman, her Position, Influence, and Wishes, National Review; Love Benighted, Eclectic Review; The Courtship of Miles Standish, London Review; The Heroes of India, Westminster Review; The Modern British Drama, North British Review; An Alpine Storm Ten Thousand Feet High, Titan; Word Paintings in Rich Frames, Eclectic Review; Great Tomb of Man, Bryant; Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great, National Review; Cowper's Poem on the Loss of the Royal George, Leisure Hour; Optical Delusion of the Yellow Gown, Fraser's Magazine; The Literature of Wedded Love, Titan; The Taming of Horses, British Quarterly; Pandora's Box, Tait's Magazine; Great Revision Convention, British Quarterly; Woman in Extremes and Varieties of Character, [illegible] Magazine; The Terrible [illegible] Tragedy, Westminster Review; Eleanor Vaughan, or, Twice Avenged, Bentley's Miscellany; An Undiscovered Island, Bentley's Miscellany; Farewell to the Comet, London Times; Alexander Pushkin, National Review; Midnight on the Alps, Titan; The Exile's Memory, Sharpe's Magazine; A Shadow; Late and Early Marriages, Sharpe's Magazine; Biographical Sketch of Shakespeare; The Mysterious Musician of Waldron Cathedral, Chambers's Journal; At the Gate; Literary Miscellanies.

English Magazines and their Contents.

The *New Quarterly* for December:—Free Labor, Immigration, and the Slave Trade. Mr. Bright's Speeches; Mr. Buckle and his Critics; Literary Reviews.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for December:—Minor Correspondence; The Arms, Armor, and Military Usages of the Fourteenth Century; Sketch of the Life of Walter de Merton, Chapter IV.; Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great; The Latest Life of Mary Queen of Scots; The Law of Treasure Trove; Mumford's Analysis of the Domesday Book of Norfolk; Middle-Class Examinations; A Day's Ramble in the *Côte d'Or*; Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban; Antiquarian Researches; The Monthly Intelligencer; Promotions and Preferments; Births, Marriages, Obituaries, etc.

Dublin University Magazine for December:—Christianity in India; Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier. By Charles Lever, Part XII.; Recent Cambridge Literature; The Black Chamber, a German Ghost Story; Statistics of Irish Prosperity; Rides upon Mules and Donkeys, VI., Conclusion; Among the Granite builders of Syere; Anastasia; Chronicles of Castle Cornet, a Tale; Recent Novels; Remonstrances of a Radical.

Eclectic Review for December:—The Life and Times of Dante; Rambles of a Naturalist in France and Spain; Fiji and the Fijians; Oulita, the Serf, a Tragedy; The Isthmus of Suez Ship Canal; Review of German Literature; Notices of New Books; Review of Public Events.

Statistical Journal for December, 1858:—Rev. C. B. Robinson's Statistics of Prices in [illegible], 1568–1788; Dr. Strang on Wages in Glasgow, 1851–1858; Mr. Baines on the Industrial Economy of Leeds; Mr. Newmarch, Recent History of the Credit Mobilier; Col. Sykes on Indian Fibres; M. Vander Maeren on Free Trade on the Continent; Mr. Bracebridge on Self-supporting Dispensaries; Dr. Strang on the Sewing Machine in Glasgow; Quarterly Returns.

— Dr. Jacob Bigelow, in his new work on the "Rational Medicine," says:—"I sincerely believe that the unbiased opinion of most medical men of sound judgment and long experience is made up, that the amount of death and disaster in the world would be less if all disease were left to itself, than it now is under the multiform, reckless, and contradictory modes of practice, good and bad, with which practitioners of different denominations carry on their differences at the expense of their patients."

— The number of students at present connected with the University of Michigan, is, in the Medical Department, [illegible]; and in the Department of Literature, Science, and the Arts, [illegible]; making a total of 428 students at present connected with the University.

Art Items.

Messrs. Williams and Everett, Boston, have bought out the stock of Mr. N. D. Cotton, and now have one of the largest establishments for the sale and exhibition of works of Art, in the country. The location (234 Washington street) is good, the light is excellent, and [illegible] all that could be desired.

— [illegible] has just finished a miniature full [illegible] and a landscape, [illegible] of Boston, as it appears from [illegible]

[illegible]

— [illegible] pictures, which, according to a correspondent of the *Crayon*, "glow with the true tints of the city where Titian painted." What their particular color is, is not stated; we hope it is not brick, which prevails in so many of the paintings "sent home."

— Josiah Bradlee and fifteen other gentlemen of Boston, have united in purchasing, for $600, Miss Jane Stuart's copy of her Father's picture of Washington in Faneuil Hall, and have presented it to the Mechanics' Charitable Association.

— The first of the Artists' Receptions, this season, will take place at Dodworth's Building, next Tuesday evening, January 4th.

— Rossini, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Ristori, Fanny Elssler, and Taglioni are among the celebrities that will pass the Winter in Paris. Taglioni has taken under her patronage the new dancer, Mlle. Livry.

— H. K. Brown, author of the bronze statue of Washington in Union Square, has just finished a life-size bust of General Scott. General Scott's head is peculiarly adapted to the sculptor's art. The fine markings of the face, and the heroic bearing of the old chieftain, are happily rendered by the artist. The bust is highly commended by the friends of the original.

Mr. Brown spends his Winter in Washington, where he is engaged upon busts of the Vice-President, Secretary Colt, and several other members of Congress.

— Mr. Johnson Monday, a young sculptor of promise, has in his room (Mr. Burn's studio, Pacific street, Brooklyn,) a small female head, very beautifully conceived and modelled. Mr. Monday has also a bust of President Hale of Geneva College, and a statuette of Christ.

— Mr. Jackson, a sculptor of Boston reputation, has lately come to this city, and has already secured several commissions for busts. He has a room in the Tenth street Artists' Buildings, where may be seen his busts and other works. They evince a talent which, it is hoped, may find appreciation here.

We are glad to chronicle the advent of another sculptor amongst us, for they have never been numerous in New York. Boston and Philadelphia, and perhaps Cincinnati and Albany can boast, as they often do, of a larger number. But although we do not loudly affect the sculptor's art, we have no doubt that we possess more works, than all these cities put together. The chief difference may be, that whilst they indulge their vanity in busts, we grace our saloons with the creations of fancy.

But it is well to have the sculptors as well as their works with us, for their personal influence is or should be useful. Our artists should endeavor to live at home; and we do hope that our sculptors, instead of spending the best of their lives in Florence and Rome, pertinaciously soliciting commissions under pretence of studying ancient art, will come to their own country, and devote themselves to the living and the present.

Commission these dealers in ancient brains, to make you a statue of Columbia or America; from the galleries they will appropriate the head from a Venus, a trunk from the Greek, the limbs from the Roman, and present you with a bill that will startle even an American Congress, and a figure, made smooth by an Italian hireling, pretty in parts, but disunited, insipid, and characterless. All praise, then, to him who is contented to live at home and derive inspiration from living men.

— Mr. Ward's marble statue of Kenton, to be erected by the State of Ohio, at Columbus, is now finished. The name of Kenton, who was the Daniel Boone of Ohio, is a household word in that and adjoining Western States. He holds a first place in her pioneer history. A brave, wild, independent spirit, scorning the luxuries of civilization, he spent a life of turbulent activity, ever foremost in the strategems and hardy incidents peculiar to Indian warfare. Mr. Ward, who knew him in his old age, has often listened to his adventures, and remembers him with patriotic affection. He is thus peculiarly fitted to make his monument, and the State does well to confer upon him the commission. The Statue represents Kenton, in his hunting costume, standing, leaning upon his gun, as if resting from the chase, his panting dog sitting by his side. It is a simple but noble conception, and very nobly executed. Mr. Ward has a Statuette of an Indian in the pursuit of his game, inclining forward in the eager chase, and, while stealing through the bush, staying with a posture of his hand, his dog, who impatiently crouches at his side. This simple story is forcibly told by the group. The dog, as in the Kenton, is very fine, and the characteristic features of the Indian and his costume are admirably presented.

— It is understood that a strong effort is to be made, this Winter, to induce Congress to purchase of Powers his statue of America. Twenty Thousand Dollars were originally appropriated for this purpose, but left to the discretion of President Pierce, who, learning that the statue had been offered to other parties for a much smaller sum, refused to sanction the bargain. Mr. Powers is expected to arrive in this country soon.

— Mr. Leutze is daily expected from Germany. He spends the Winter in Washington.

— Daniel Huntington has come home from Europe, and is now in this city.

— The Whittall Collection of Greek coins, originally formed by Ismail Pasha, has recently been sold in London at prices beyond precedent; the total amounting to about $15,000. The cabinet comprised Sicilian, Thracian, Lycian, Syrian, and African coins.

— A manual of Illuminated and Missal Painting; by Edwin Jewett, has just been published in London, with a historical introduction by Llewellynn Jewitt.

— Mr. T. M. Johnson, of Boston, has taken a crayon portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, from which Mr. Braynard of the same city, has published a lithograph said to be very excellent, both as a likeness and as a work of art, in which case it must be quite a curiosity.

— A fresco by Bernardino Luini has been successfully transported from Milan to Meiningen. The subject is a Madonna and Infant Christ, with St. John and Elizabeth, the mother being seated, and looking down upon the infant, whose hand is extended to the head of a kneeling lamb. St. John points to the Saviour with his right hand, while the left rests on the back of the lamb. The dimensions of the work are six feet by about five and a half. The heads of Mary and Elizabeth are without the "glory," but it encircled the head of the Saviour.

— Mr. George Downes, of the Photographic Institution, London, has produced, in the manner of M. Le Gral, four stereoscopic marine views, speaking of which, an English journal (which should be careful how it criticises American art criticisms hereafter,) says: "Surf breaks on the shore with the tumultuous crash and white silvery glitter of live sea—not as it breaks in Van der Velde's, or even in Turner's pictures. Clouds float and swim, scarcely buoyant in skies of unfathomable depth. Boats lie along the brine surface, with a hard outline of reefed sails and heavy hulls. On the long back reach of green sea, light shimmers and plays with infinite whimsies. Altogether, these slides present extremely vivid and powerful transcripts from nature, with the shadows and demi-shadows everywhere in obedience to the laws of light. Some improvement, perhaps, is possible in the foregrounds—where the surf and scatter of the foam is rather woolly."

— Mr. Albert Bierstadt has recently disposed of his large picture of Lake Lucerne, now on exhibition in Boston, and, in a short time, starts for the Rocky Mountains, where he intends to remain a couple of years, making sketches of the scenery, and studying the manners and customs of the Indians, preparatory to painting a series of large pictures.

— A series of Artists' Receptions are to be attempted in Boston, similar to those which have been so successful in New York.

— Mr. Ball is exhibiting, at his studio in Boston, a model of an equestrian statue of Washington.

— Miss Foley has attracted considerable attention in Boston, by her cameo-portraits, which are said to be very superior, especially as likenesses.

— J. Q. A. Ward has left his old quarters in Brooklyn, for Washington, where he is engaged to model several busts of members of Congress.

— Mr. Gray has just finished a picture which he calls the "Village Belle": an illustration of one of Irving's tales. He has been to work upon it many weeks. It represents the last hours of a sick and dying girl, who, propped up by pillows and blankets, is receiving the solicitous attentions of her parents. This picture is made to tell the incidents at a glance, while the details and accessories, beautifully designed and painted, reward the observer for protracted study. The pains-taking care which Mr. Gray has bestowed upon the minutest detail of this beautiful picture is an example too seldom followed by American artists. Every object in this picture has been faithfully studied from nature. We shall never successfully compete with the continental schools of art until we strive to work in this earnest manner.

Mr. Gray goes to Washington this Winter, where it will be seen by what we have already said, there is to be an unusual congregation of artists. The numerous government commissions which have of late been given by Congress may have directed the attention of artists towards the National Capital.

— The Washington Art Association have held several successful exhibitions. There are also several artists of ability permanent residents of Washington. Their presence and competition will doubtless stimulate government to order more works of art. The Association is to open its annual exhibition immediately. A large number of pictures have been sent from this city by our artists.

— The New York correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* writes:

> Among the recent art acquisitions here is a wonderfully real head by Dennar, a Hamburg painter, who flourished about 1700. Seldom has a more palpable face loomed out from canvas, or eyes that seem to watch you with such unwinking pertinacity. This remarkable portrait was obtained by Mr. Vesey, our Consul at Havre, restored at Paris, and sent to General John A. Dix. The son of this latter gentleman, of whose rare promise as a marine painter so much was said during the last Academy exhibition here, has made extraordinary progress. He has carefully studied the coast of the Atlantic, both in Florida and at Mount Desert. A view taken in the summer, off St. John, was scarcely finished, when it was bought by a Vermont amateur; an excellent little landscape, including the Swallow's Cave at Nahant, has been purchased by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn; and the young artist has now upon his easel one of the most effective, because unexaggerated and truthful representations of a shipwreck we have seen.
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> Rossiter has made a capital study for an elaborate work—singularly adapted to adorn the United States Capitol. It is a group of the "Discoverers" of this continent. Columbus is the prominent figure: and around him, in picturesque costumes and easy attitudes, stand or sit the early Spanish, French, Dutch and English explorers.
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> There is an exquisite picture upon the easel of Henry Peters Gray. All readers of Irving know and love the "Pride of the Village," and remember the closing scene of that pathetic story, as one of the most touching scenes in the Sketch Book. The refined sentiment and masterly skill of Gray has enabled him to catch the spirit and reproduce the expression of the memorable incident. His picture is of cabinet size, and represents the interior of an English farm house of the better class. The beautiful and stricken girl leans upon her mother's breast, and her hands are held by those of her afflicted parents, whose good-natured but common-place features contrast finely with superior nature visible in the form and expression of the daughter. Herein romance and reality are admirably suggested; the May garland hangs fading on the wall; the house dog looks piteously up to the wan face of his mistress; the old man has turned lovingly from the open Bible to his child; through the open window a summer landscape in Sabbath repose is visible; in the distance, far up the road, is just seen an officer on horseback—the characters, atmosphere, tone and accessories are strictly in keeping with the story; and if we mistake not, this picture, when completed, will prove one of the most popular yet achieved by this gifted painter.
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> A cabinet-sized portrait of a lovely woman, just finished, is in his best style; the accurate drawing, delicacy, and form of expression, and mellow tints of Gray, if more known in your vicinity, would create quite a demand for the mature and highly finished products of his pencil.

— We select the following items from the January number of the *Crayon*:—

> Among figure-painters that have lately appeared among us, is Eastman Johnson, formerly of Baltimore. Mr. Johnson has a studio in the University, and several drawings and studies in it of decided interest. Boughton, lately of Albany, occupies a studio in the Tenth street building. One of his best and latest works is "The Haunted Lake," painted for the Ranney collection. W. P. W. Dana, lately pursuing his studies in France, has a studio at No. 627 Broadway. He has there landscape sketches made on the coast of Normandy, with portfolios of picturesque figures and habitations, including every variety of fishing-boat and quaint old cottages. Gray is engaged upon a picture illustrating a passage in Irving's story of "The Pride of the Village." Huntington, just returned from Europe, occupies his former studio in Appleton's building. Blauvelt, in the Tenth street building, has lately executed several subjects conspicuous for genuine humor and character. Lang is occupied with a party returning from a pic-nic. Rossiter has completed a design in color for a large picture entitled "The Early Navigators and Discoverers of this Continent," embracing Spanish, Dutch, and English characters, whose names are associated with the settlement of our country and continent. Rossiter and Mignot are to paint a Mount Vernon subject, of which the principal figures will be the Washington family, grouped on the piazza of the mansion: the figures by the former, and the landscape accessories by the latter. G. W. Flagg, who is now a resident of Charleston, S. C., has on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, a work commemorative of the landing of the Atlantic Cable, in which he has introduced portraits of the parties concerned.
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> In the department of sculpture, we have to record a remarkably fine bust of General Scott, by H. K. Brown. Jackson, of Boston, exhibits in Nichol's studio (Tenth street), a number of works modelled in that city. Among these are busts of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Sen., and G. S. Hillard, Esq., both faithful and admirable characteristic portraits. Philip has on view in the studio building a group called "Italian Boys." Thompson, a pupil of Palmer's, has his studio in the same building. He is producing beautiful medallion heads. We would mention, in particular, an ideal called "Female Youth," and a head of Caleb Lyon, Esq.
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> In the department of landscape, Kensett has lately produced two works. One is a fine view of Lake Windermere, and the other a portrait of a noble oak on the Genesee River. Casilear has just finished a Swiss scene, which is an uncommonly successful expression of that difficult scenery. Durand's works completed this season, consist of a pastoral landscape and a wood-scene. Shattuck has on his easel an autumnal picture representing passages on the Androscoggin River; it is one of his largest and best productions. Wm. Hart is painting a "Marine," suggested by his studies the past summer on Mount Desert Island.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Burton's Theatre.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN AS HAMLET.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has, during the past week, been performing a round of "legitimate" characters at this theatre to very good houses. I went to see him play "Hamlet."

This play, although it has for its basis the rudest form of supernaturalism, is the one of all others which contains the most of Shakespeare's philosophy. Dealing, as he does, largely with the spiritual element, the Poet involuntarily, as it were, inclines towards metaphysics. Hamlet is, like all men who combine intellectual genius with strong passions, highly speculative. The man of intellect who drinks and dices, and does worse occasionally, in his moments of repose reflects more than he who passes his life in a monotonous intercourse with virtue. Hamlet was at times a roysterer. He led the fast life of the young nobleman of the period: was quarrelsome, sometimes coarse, in his conversation; a seducer, and a man of such ungovernable passions, that he did not scruple to conceive the awful scheme of killing the king when he was on his knees praying to God; a sacrilegious thought that he relinquished from a reasoning almost fiendish, which argued, that to kill a man while he was devoutly penitent, was to ensure his salvation, therefore the murder must be postponed until the victim was rioting in some enormous sin, which should ensure his eternal damnation. He says to Horatio, "What is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart." He is familiar with the carousal and the wassail, and dwells on them in his talk. By a stroke of conscience he deprecates the intemperance of the Danish people, admitting that other nations call them drunkards, and dwelling on this universal dram-drinking as a melancholy fact. But in the very same speech he goes on to excuse the vice, by attributing it to some inherent craving of nature, for which men are not accountable. He says that some men carry "the stamp of one defect," which is "Nature's Livery or Fortune's star." Is not this the logic of a man who, while acknowledging a weakness, endeavors to excuse it? "Well, my dear fellow," says Jones to us in a penitent moment, "I know I drink, but then—every man has his vice." The truth is that Hamlet is a type of the many-sided, ill-regulated, loveable, unaccountable, man of genius, who, had he not been a prince, would most undoubtedly have been a Bohemian.

Touching, as he doubtless had done, so many sides of life, he gathered food for his philosophy. His knowledge of men was profound—not of mere general human nature, but of individual types; a knowledge that could never have been acquired by study in the closet or at court-receptions, but which was squeezed from the wild revel, the midnight debauch, the riot of the camps, the voluptuous chamber of the courtesan. Like all men who combine a quick imagination with personal daring, instance Haroun al Rascheed, Charles the Second, of England, and Louis the Fourteenth—Hamlet was fond of adventure. Much of his life is unwritten; yet is that unwritten portion often suggested by the text of Shakespeare. He had a stormy youth. No man who had not lived much could have been so shrewd. What wordly humor he exhibits! What bitter sarcasm! Where, but in the by-ways, as well as the high-ways, of life could this circumstantial knowledge of human nature have been gathered? He knows all about plays and players. Has been perhaps much behind the scenes. Has been an immense dandy, and, doubtless, disposed his furs and silks with the most killing effect. Is brave, overflowing with filial affection—which affection is, however, based more on pride of family, than on mere heart-love—and has a stupendous contempt for all kinds of sham and humbug. No wonder that the king, his uncle, hated him. He was of a frank and fearless nature, entirely out of harmony with a Court.

This may be a closet view of Hamlet, unrealizable on the stage. It is an old retort to which the critic—whether literary or dramatic—is subjected when he undertakes to point out defects in author or actor. Author and actor immediately grin sardonically and say, "Write a book yourself, O critic! or, play Hamlet yourself, O Puff!" as the case may be. Critic, of course, is dumb. Puff is silenced. He can't write a book, and he can't play Hamlet; therefore, he is no critic. The logic is unanswerable.

However this may be, poor Puff cannot help forming opinions. I, for my part, maintain unblushingly that I have never seen the tragedy of Hamlet properly played. I have occasionally seen bits of it well done—as they were the other night by Mr. Barry Sullivan, but, as a whole, all the performances of this wonderful and incongruous production of a great mind, that I have witnessed, have been most dislocated affairs.

Let any cultivated person sit down in his study and form a picture of the play—scene painter Fancy, chief character Imagination—and contrast such silent yet vivid performance with what is seen of the same upon the stage. Let us conceive a couple of scenes.

First Scene of First Act. The esplanade before the castle at Elsinore. The night is dark, but one can see the great rough-hewn battlements of the rude fortalice gaping through the gloom, like the jagged teeth of some huge monster. The cold wind whistles through the loop holes and round the turrets. Francisco, armed with partisan and sword, paces up and down the platform, keeping guard, stamping and blowing on his hands in the endeavor to keep warm. Bernardo enters to relieve him. A rough challenge and rough greetings, for they are not courtly, those Danish soldiers. Presently come Horatio and Marcellus, and the supernatural machinery of the drama begins to move. The three men seat themselves in one of the wide embrasures of the battlements, where with many a fearful glance above the shoulder, and many a start when the wind wails round the corners of the masonry, the story of the apparition is recited. In the midst of the narrative a cloudy Something, with vague lineaments, cuirassed and helmeted in gleaming vapors, suddenly appears upon the summit of the battlement to the right and moves across the stage. Horatio, with awe-struck countenance, addresses it, but it heeds not, and silently floats over the battlement on the left, and so on into the midnight. Huddled together, with touching cheeks and restless eyes, the soldiers talk in low, eager whispers. They talk of the ghost and ghostly things, as men will in conversation face the very thing they fear, for the sake of keeping up their courage. They tell solemn tales, and utter gloomy prophecies. Again the spectre rises from out the dark air, and floats through the embrasure. Horatio, whose curiosity overpowers his awe, and who, however, is emboldened by the harmlessness of the first visitation, rushes across its path. The shapely cloud serenely advances. A moment more and it has passed round, or over, or through, the soldier. Who can tell which? It holds its way undisturbed. Faint and far from the distant village comes the crowing of the cock. The spectre, as if wafted on the wings of an unseen wind, speeds towards the battlement. The soldiers strike at it furiously with their weapons. The blades pass through air, and are blunted on the ground. The next instant it is gone.

Has this ever been seen upon the stage? I think not. Supernumeraries that are uncomfortable in their armor; battlements that shake at every step, a ghost whose foot-falls are audible to the gallery of the house,—these are what we see in that first scene, which is the weird overture to the tragedy.

The next illustration shall be the soliloquy. A vast chamber in the castle. The walls are hung with the rude tapestries of the time. At one end a wide fireplace, in which huge pine-logs spit and bubble out the the flaming resin, and send showers of bright sparkles up the gaping chimney. The furniture is massive, but not too fine. Our ancestors knew not spring cushions, nor curled hair. The King and Polonius have just flown at sight of Hamlet, who moodily stalks down the long corridor that leads to the apartment. He enters slowly, and with a natural lounging step, such as the body assumes when the mind is occupied with abstract questions. He has no stage stride. His hands are crossed behind his back, and he paces in silence across the room with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He is so preoccupied that he almost stumbles over a large chair which has been left nearly in the centre of the chamber. Recognizing the obstacle more by instinct, than by any process of the mind, he sinks listlessly into the chair, as if his body had been so exhausted by intellectual travail, that he is glad of any opportunity of repose. He begins to speak; he works over that terrible and ever-recurring problem of existence. His mind labors, as every thoughtful man's mind labors, at some one time or other drawing up, accountant-like, the puzzling balance-sheet of the ledger of good and evil. Racked by the twin instincts of the man of strong passions, the one tempting to quittance of the Known for the Unknown, the other, grosser one, crying "live while you can!" he calls in his reason as the arbitrator. Every man who is worth anything has been so hampered. Every man has held such argument with himself. How did he do it? Did he strut, and posture, and gesticulate in that solemn council with his soul? Was not the body almost inactive when the mind spread its wings abroad, and tried to soar into the mysteries of the Untravelled Land? If he broke into ordinary speech—and one sometimes does—did he "govern the ventages" of his wind-pipe, to use Hamlet's own expression, and consider the [illegible] of the voice, while he was deliberating whether to live or die? I think not. It seems to me that in so earnest a moment a man would [illegible] but little of [illegible] falling inflections, or the [illegible] arm by which he [illegible]

tone of voice, and abruptness of gesture are frequent in nature, but how seldom do we find them on the stage! Put a man in buskins, and he always seems to be seeking to show the graces of his voice or person. He does not dare to be rugged or inharmonious. Pre-Raphaelitism in art was in itself bad, because it was an "ism," and all "isms" are bad because they tend to make the mind, which should be universal, enrol itself as the member of some clique. But Pre-Raphaelitism in art had its uses, for it emancipated the artistic mind from the fetters of tradition. That which has been done in England for art, has yet to be done for the stage. The actor who has the courage to be natural, who has the courage to utterly and entirely forget himself in his part, as I have seen Mr. Wallack and Miss Heron do on one or two occasions, will achieve in time the success that Mr. Millais has achieved in England in painting; Mr. Millais who commenced by drawing studiously awkward figures, taken from common life, and who has ended by depicting forms immortal in grace, and sentiment, and beauty.

Mr. Barry Sullivan is not Hamlet on the stage. In the so-called "star-system" it is of course useless to expect any harmony of the accessories which surround the principal actor. We must critically consider only him who has his name in the bills in the biggest letters. Mr. Sullivan delivered The Soliloquy after the manner of an elocutionist. As he entered, his walk was forced and affected. The play of his face (particularly in emotional passages, where he elevates and depresses his very strongly marked eye-brows in rapid alternation,) was anything but expressive of the unnatural calmness which comes over a man when he is philosophically contemplating self-murder. In such moments the greatness of the occasion stills the muscular mobility. Men are always calm in the presence of a great terror. The commencement of his chamber-scene with the Queen was altogether too violent; but the passage where he makes his re-entrance, after having pierced the arras with his sword, and killed Polonius, was exceedingly fine. His delivery of the line, "Nay, I know not. Is it the King?" was a splendid interpretation of the author. The sanguinary hope that he had slain his foe gleamed in his eyes. His attitude expressed a nascent triumph, that wanted but an affirmative word to blaze into all the grandeur of satisfied vengeance. He, stooping before the affrighted Queen, eager, and with his bloody sword quivering in his nervous grasp, looked as if he would have given worlds to have heard her falter out, "Yes, it is the King!"

I regret that I have no more space to devote to a criticism of this performance, as I feel that Mr. Sullivan as an artist of intelligence demands a more extensive appreciation. I am, however, of the opinion that it is but of little consequence to the interests of the stage, the gratification of the play-goer, or the reputation of Shakespeare whether Hamlet is ever performed again or not.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Chess.

Replies and Remarks.

—We are under obligations to J. G., of Brooklyn, not only for his fine contribution, but for his favorable words in reference to the common-sense system of notation, with which more than one-half of the world is familiar, and which the other half will be compelled to use some day or other.

—We certainly cannot congratulate SNIPES upon the mildness of his temper. Let us keep cool, for Englishmen are tender just now on the subject of the championship, and we should respect their feelings. The communication sent us by SNIPES is really too bitter and belligerent for our gentle and peace-loving column.

—C. C. M.'s second communication has just reached us. The matter of editorship is all right. Whenever our leisure permits, C. C. M. shall have the details of the transaction to which he alludes.

—Will it gratify PATIENCE to learn that the stereotyping of the *Book of the Congress* is proceeding as rapidly as a due regard to the typographical correctness of the games will permit? Over two hundred pages are now cast.

—We must answer F. H. N. emphatically in the negative. Such a project will never meet with favor among New England players, until the *News* becomes learned and the *Union* witty. Besides, where would be the benefit of such an Association, after all?

—F. M., of New Haven (Yale?) is a pleasant correspondent. We cannot, however, advise him to study Persian with the hope of ariving at any new information concerning chess history, unless he has the means and the leisure to visit Iran itself. Most of the manuscripts in Europe have been carefully read. But the language is really charming, and after the alphabet has been thoroughly acquired, will be found to present fewer difficulties than French or Italian. The best grammar is by Dr. Duncan Forbes, who has a high reputation both in the world of philology and of chess. Ibrahim's is also good, and Bleeck's—a new one—has some matter which cannot be found elsewhere.

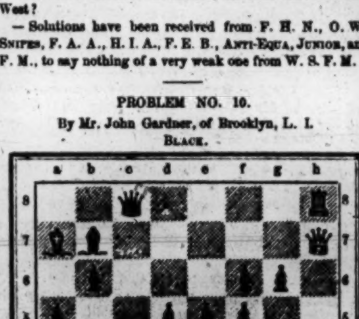
—The explanation of GUGLIELMI is satisfactory, but had he not better mention the matter, the next time he writes West?

—Solutions have been received from F. H. N., O. W., SNIPES, F. A. A., H. I. A., F. E. B., ANTI-EQUA, JUNIOR, and F. M., to say nothing of a very weak one from W. S. F. M.

PROBLEM NO. 10.

By Mr. John Gardner, of Brooklyn, L. I.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SCENES IN CHESS HISTORY.*

In the year 1491—the first year of that eventful century which gave to mankind the new art of printing and the new world of the West—two persons sat in the palace-fortress of Shaldhaniah, in Granada, playing chess. This castle, from the moderate height at which it was placed, overlooked the blue waters of the Mediterranean on one side, and was itself overshadowed by lofty mountains on the other. It was used sometimes as the residence, sometimes as the prison, of the brothers or sons of the Moorish Kings, and its rock-hewn vaults were filled with the treasures of the royal house. The town itself, the Salobrena of the Spaniards, was, under its Moslem rulers, a flourishing and important city. Nor did it altogether lose its commerce and power until many years after the discovery of America. The two chess players were Prince Jusef ben [illegible], brother of the reigning monarch, and the Alcayde, or Governor of the castle and city. They were seated, as we are told by a writer who lived about the time of which we speak, on costly cushions of gold cloth, richly bordered [illegible]

[illegible]

bade him prepare for the other world. He resolved to do this by cutting off the head of his brother, in order to secure the succession to his son. He sent, therefore, the Arraiz, Ahmed ben Xarac, to the Alcayde of Shaldhaniah, with the following epistle:

"*Alcayde of Shaldhaniah, My Servant*:—So soon as thou shalt receive these my words from the hands of my Arraiz, Ahmed ben Xarac, thou shalt deprive my brother, Cid Jusef, of life, and shalt send me his head by the bearer. See that thou fail not in my service."

And now the two players were busily intent upon their game; the opening had been made, the pieces deployed, and the combinations already began to promise a hot and exciting combat. All at once the Arraiz arrives at the fortress and enters the room. He delivers the fatal missive to the Alcayde, who reads it and displays in his countenance the grief and consternation that agitate his soul. Like all who approached Prince Jusef, he had learned to love him for his good heart, and to admire him for his exalted mental qualities, and he felt the deepest sorrow, when the order of Mohamed met his eyes. But the stern Arraiz is intent upon the execution of the mandate he has brought, and exhorts the Alcayde to lose no time in its fulfillment; the latter stands silent and irresolute, unable to communicate so cruel and inhuman a decree to the Prince. Perceiving from the sorrow-painted visage of the Alcayde the importance of the order, and suspecting its purport, Jusef inquired, "What, then, does the King require? Does the order concern my death? is it my head that he demands?"

The Alcayde handed him the letter. After reading its contents, Cid Jusef said, "Give me a few hours to take leave of my family, and to distribute some parting gifts among the remnants of my household."

But Ahmed ben Xarac replied that he could not delay the execution of the royal command, for his hours of absence have been numbered, and the time of his return to Granada fixed to a minute.

"Let us at least finish our game," coolly remarked the Prince, turning to the board, "and I doubt not that I shall finish by losing that also."

To this the Arraiz reluctantly consents. But the grief and confusion of the Alcayde are such that he cannot move a piece without committing an error, the Prince, who seems as calmly interested as before the entrance of the Arraiz, calling his attention more than once to his inadvertence. Under the trembling hands of the terror-stricken Alcayde, the Bishops assume the powers of the Knights, the Rooks take to the diagonals of the Bishops, and the King moves headlessly into check.

The game has not yet ended, although Jusef is calculating the probable number of moves which it will take to mate the poor Alcayde, when the clatter of hoofs is heard in the court-yard, and a brief moment after two cavaliers rush into the apartment, sink upon their knees before the Prince, kiss his hand, and hail him monarch of Granada, King of the Moors, and Defender of the Moslem Faith in Spain. They had passed over the eleven leagues between Shaldhaniah and the capital as rapidly as the swiftest Andalusians could bear them, and brought tidings that inexorable Death had taken the wicked Muhamad to a new existence, where he would probably be sadly disappointed at not meeting the expected countenance of his brother. Other men of lofty rank soon following them convince the incredulous Prince of the reality of his new honors, and the whole party repair forthwith to Granada, where they are greeted with acclamations by all classes of people. The nobles of the kingdom go forth to meet their ruler; the houses are hung with precious cloths of every glittering hue; green arches overhang the streets; and the public squares are strewn with the gayest flowers. For nineteen years King Jusef reigned over the pleasant regions of Granada, encouraging the arts of peace and avoiding the inhumanities of war, loved by all the Moslems and respected by all the Christians.

Jusef's faith has long since faded from the hearts of the people of Granada, his race no longer covers its hills with cultivated gardens, or fills its towns with schools and manufactories, and his kingdom has been blotted from the political atlas for nearly four hundred years. The opulent town of Shaldhaniah, under Christian rule, has become a poverty-stricken hamlet, and its castle a mass of shapeless ruins. But the memory of the good King's fortunate game of chess shall be preserved while there are two men left who love to meet each other in chivalrous jousts on the checkered field.

PHILADELPHIA VICTORIOUS.

The second game between New York and Philadelphia, having been in progress for some evenings, finally terminated on Tuesday last. The only change made was in the players on the side of New York; Mr. Fiske, from other and important engagements, declined to continue, and asked that Mr. Marache might be substituted in his place. The game was a Scotch Gambit, and was brilliantly won by Philadelphia. We shall endeavor to give it, with notes, in our next number.

THE IRATE STAUNTONIAN ONCE MORE.

To the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY PRESS:

Accustomed, at the daily dinner-table of my boarding house, to listen to the brilliant flow of conversation from the affluent brain of *Pro Recto*—to admire his splendid rhetoric, and to wonder at his quick-coming fancies, to laugh at his quips, and to grin at his quirks—I looked for a concentration of sarcasm and a deluge of learning in, reply to my humble epistle in a late number of the SATURDAY PRESS. I expected to enjoy the sallies of a more than Attic wit, to revel in the fun of a plus-quam-Rabelaisian humor, to writhe under the bitter inuendoes of a pen as caustic as Pope's, and to be crushed by the blows of a ponderous logic weightier than the mighty hammer of the thundering Asa-Thor. Anticipating such a response, how keen is my disappointment upon perusing this week's issue of *Frank Leslie's Illustrious Plagiarist!* The nightmares that were to dance drearily upon my devoted body, turn out to be only playful colts after all; the *Knight* MAYHEW, whose battle axe was to cleave me as Frithiof clove the shield of King Helge in the Northern Saga, proves himself nothing more than a puny esquire. With a philological wisdom that is limited to no single linguistic family, he abuses me in only four languages. Born in a land of convicts, inhaling in his youth the densely immoral atmosphere of Spain and Portugal, and educated in the office of a journal which filches all its wit from *Punch*, he has poured upon my head only a small portion of the slang and vulgarity at his command. One bit of trenchant satire, I do indeed discover in his [illegible]. He murmurs at my disinclination to reply to "the incontrovertible truths of his dispassionate remarks"—a quiet thrust, so evidently aimed at himself that I have not the heart to turn it aside.

I rejoice that this worthy friend of Howard Staunton and unworthy opponent of Paul Morphy has studied the chess column of the SATURDAY PRESS with so much profit. The list of chess authors rolls as glibly from his pen or tongue as if he were repeating a string of epithets from his native Botany Bay dialect. So vast, indeed, are the treasures of Caissan knowledge which he displays, that I more and more regret the non-fulfillment of his intention, earnestly avowed some little time since, of writing a series of anonymous Philippics in abuse of the very chess editor in whose column he now publishes the effusions of *Pro Recto*. Will he not still carry out his laudable design? Will he not exhibit to an expectant world one solitary specimen of those avalanches of [illegible] and taunts which were to overwhelm the doomed Press?

Modesty is my most prominent virtue, as all my friends will swear; but next to that comes my exceeding great love of peace and quietness. Yet I confess that just now I feel immensely belligerent; but I demand a foeman of more prowess. The pound of flesh that I might succeed in cutting from this equine Stauntonian would not be worth the trouble of sharpening my blade. Like my illustrious master, the famous Hidalgo, I cannot contend against a miserable windmill.

SANCHO PANZA.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—On CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S days this Office will close at 12 M., at which hour all domestic mails will close.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—Post Office, New York, Dec. 23, 1858.—There being doubts as to the [illegible]

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

UNIFORM WITH "WOMAN'S THOUGHTS."

TO BE PUBLISHED IMMEDIATELY,

THE AFTERNOON
OF
Unmarried Life.
A Companion to
A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.
From the Last London Edition.

[illegible]

ELECTION NOTICE.

PURSUANT TO A PROCLAMATION OF THE Governor of this State, dated Dec. 15, 1858, and to the provisions of the laws of this State, public notice is hereby given, by the Common Council of the city of New York, that a special election will be held on the 5th day of January, 1859, in the IVth Congressional District of the State of New York, consisting of the IVth, VIth, Xth, and XIVth Wards of the city of New York, for a Representative to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of John Kelly as such Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States: said election will be held in the several places designated by the Common Council in the several Election Districts of the IVth, VIth, Xth, and XIVth Wards of said Election District of the city, on said 5th day of January, 1859. The poll will be opened at sunrise and remain open until sunset, when it will be finally closed. The officer to be voted for at such election is a Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress for said IVth Congressional District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of John Kelly as such Representative. By order of the Common Council.

D. T. VALENTINE,
Clerk of Common Council.

PROCLAMATION,

By JOHN A. KING, Governor of the State of New York.

Whereas, A communication from John Kelly, a representative in Congress from this State, is now on file in the office of the Secretary of State, in the words following, to wit:

"I hereby resign my seat as a representative for the Fourth Congressional District in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States, from the State of New York, to take effect on the twenty-fifth day of December next."

Now, therefore, in pursuance of article first, section second, paragraph fourth, of the Constitution of the United States, I do hereby order and proclaim that an election for a representative to represent the Fourth Congressional District in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States, for the unexpired term for which the said JOHN KELLY was elected, and to fill the vacancy thus created, will be held in the said Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Wards of the city of New York, on WEDNESDAY, the fifth day of January next, which election is to be notified, held, and conducted in all respects, in the manner prescribed by law.

In witness whereof I have hereto affixed my name and the privy seal of the State, this fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

[L. S.] JOHN A. KING.

By the Governor,
HENRY I. SEAMAN, Private Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, *Office of the Secretary of State, ss.*—I hereby certify that the preceding is a correct copy of the original Proclamation of JOHN A. KING, this day filed in this office.

Witness my hand and seal of office of our city of Albany, this fifteenth day of December, 1858.

[L. S.] GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Dec. 17, 1858.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the city and county of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

THE CENTURY;

A National Newspaper of Politics, Commerce, Finance, Economy, Literature, Science, and Art.

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Although not connected with any political party, *The Century* cannot be neutral when great issues are before the country; but it will aim to be impartial and truthful. It will especially endeavor to instruct the popular mind in the use of the elective franchise, by candid and fearless examination of the character of men and measures which may be proffered for the public support; and it will resist the party management and drill by which corrupt leaders control nominations for office, and by which voters are often left to such a doubtful choice between evils, as to make them indifferent as to the result.

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The Editorship of *The Century* will be [illegible]. Able and experienced writers will be employed in all the respective departments which are necessary to a First class Newspaper, adapted to the Family Circle, as well as to the man of Business.

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NOW READY;

NORTON'S LITERARY LETTER, NO. 3.

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[illegible]

CHARLES B. NORTON,
Agent for Libraries, New York.

[illegible]

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WHAT IS THE REASON
That Bowel Complaints, Billious attacks,
Fevers and Diarrhœa, are not wholly
eradicated from our midst? Simply because the unfailing remedy for those
complaints is not kept on hand in every
household in these
UNITED STATES, as in EUROPE!
This remedy acts immediately on the part
affected; it goes directly to the seat of the
disease, and when its healing mission is
complete, the body is left in the full glow
of health, and free from the invariable
costiveness which succeeds the use of drugs
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GREAT FRENCH CHEMIST, LEROUX.
After many years' study and research, he,
by accident mainly, met with a certain essence
which possesses extraordinary healing powers
in ailments consequent on deranged
digestive organs; this he compounded with
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THE CORDIAL COGNAC BITTERS.
These Bitters have an agreeable taste, as thousands in
the States can now testify, using them rather as an
ordinary drink than as a medicine. Their healing
properties exert themselves within five minutes, and
speedily eradicate the complaint. They are of infallible
efficacy in all and every of the following diseases:
DIARRHŒA.
CHOLERA.
FEVERS.
AGUE.
COLIC.
BILIOUS ATTACKS.
BLUES.
Large consignments have been forwarded during
the past year into the Western States, and
their healing virtues were found to be
triumphantly successful, in withstanding the
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* [illegible]

For the Saturday Press.

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN I HEARD.

I had heard the Christmas bells, and had ceased awhile to weep,
And was pausing on the threshold of the mystic door of sleep,
When my soul was called to earth again by music soft and sweet,—
The sound of some one singing Christmas carols in the street.

She sang the Saviour's story—his lowly, humble birth,
His youth, his holy manhood, his sufferings on earth,
His death upon the Cross, his triumph in the skies—
And drops of tender sorrow overflowed my aching eyes.

Then she sang of Christmas memories and the influence they shed,
Making dearer still the living, making dearer still the dead;
Of little ones rejoicing in their parents' tender love,
And of greater far rejoicings in the home of God above.

"There," sang she, "round the golden throne the spotless spirits stand,
All clad in robes of purity—a happy shining band;
And their hymn is, 'Glory! glory to the Lord of earth and sky!
Oh! blessed are the innocent—the good who early die!'"

Then I raised me from my pillow, smoothed back my tangled hair,
Hushed the sobs within my bosom, and clasped my hands in prayer;
And when I sank to sleep again the sweetest dreams were given,
For I heard, all night, dear Anna singing Christmas hymns in heaven!

M. E.

Brooklyn, Dec. 26, 1858.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I am an old-fashioned old-boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr. Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line: yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a *fogy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never have belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. *Once* that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will "touch up" my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon, asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire puddings on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to my mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavor by her sympathy, and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I pottered about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into a bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up the picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: "Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!" "Perhaps not," I replied, "but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle." Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my—— (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R. A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night, thinking of those up-turned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?), [illegible], I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homœopathist—I patronized the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room here was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cupboards, linen-presses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs. Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs. Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be she! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *entremets* were handed around before the door opened, and—it was *she*! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-pate gone down the wrong way.

"Have a glass of water?" said she, in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures *of me*? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

"Anything going on here?" she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. "What's at the theatre?"

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

"Oh, you must learn it," she said; "it is soon done, if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes."

"There is the Etablissement, where they dance."

"That is all right. I adore dancing; don't you."

"Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it."

"Oh, soon learn—practice in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?"

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, *Cymon*.—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs. Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground-floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She started, smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others she most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk, if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at the time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or, at least, you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the [illegible], and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and, indeed, escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had laid [illegible] on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin, whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

"Well, Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the safest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?"

"You have the longest legs. Lower."

"All right; here goes;" and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

"Jack!"

"Yes!"

"Can one smoke?"

"No!"

"What a bore!" And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—"Judith."

It was at the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered:

"O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blower's Siren, didn't she?"

"That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier."

"Speak to her?"

"Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown."

"Ah! and you say he is well off?"

"Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!"

"And he is really going to marry her?"

"Safe."

"What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit."

"Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all."

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs. Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good-humor; but not one who is a model "Venus rising from the sea."

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £500.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE COURT RETINUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

It appears that the number of individuals employed in the personal service of Her Majesty, exclusive of huntsmen, whippers-in, etc., not enumerated in the department of the Master of the Horse, is as follows:—In the department of the Lord Steward, 167; ditto, Lord Chamberlain, 635; ditto, Master of the Horse, 119; total, 921. Imposing as is this array, there must be added to it the household of the Prince Consort, which consists of a groom of the stole, a treasurer, a private secretary, two lords of the bedchamber, a clerk marshal, three equerries in ordinary, two grooms of the bedchamber, four chaplains in ordinary, and a chaplain at Osborne, a librarian, two gentlemen ushers, two physicians in ordinary, and two extraordinary, four surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, and an apothecary, and a gentleman rider, besides an army agent to receive his pay, and a solicitor to conduct his litigation. Adding these, the household functionaries muster 955 strong. In Scotland and Ireland, there are two more royal households. The first of these consists of a keeper of the great seal; a lord privy seal; a lord clerk register; a lord advocate; a lord justice clerk; an hereditary grand constable; a knight marischal; an hereditary master of the household; an hereditary standard-bearer; an hereditary armor-bearer, and squire of the royal body (Lady Seyton Stewart); an hereditary carver; an hereditary cup-bearer; an hereditary usher (heirs of of the late Sir Patrick Walker); an historiographer; three physicians in ordinary, and a physician accoucheur; three surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, two chemists and druggists, a cupper in ordinary, and an oculist; three deans, and six chaplains; the hereditary keepers of palaces (nearly all mere ruins); and a body-guard of royal archers, commanded by a captain-general, three lieutenant-generals, and four major-generals. The Irish household, which is formed on the English model, has amongst its functionaries two persons described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties must be left to the imagination.

For the Saturday Press.

TRANSITION.

Just now my frame felt full of fire,
As if a poet's soul possess'd it,
And every nerve was thrilled, like wire
Of harp, when minstrel's hand has press'd it;
My heart felt happy, free, and strong,
Just ready to gush forth in song!

But, suddenly, to gloom was turned
The gladness which so late had thrill'd me;
Those thoughts of flame no longer burned,
A speechless sense of sorrow chill'd me!
Poor soul, be patient! Thou, ere long
Shalt burst thy chains and sing thy song!

Anna Mary Freeman.

ECHOES.

A good ear cannot distinguish one sound from another, unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second, in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being *eleven hundred and twenty feet a second*, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel *one hundred and twenty-four feet*. . . . .

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Ademach, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day, and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Simonetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients, was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of [illegible], containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

Dr. Birch describes an echo at Rosneath, Argyleshire, which, it is said, does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second echo much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute, are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes in the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns at Belvidere, Allegheny county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two, or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing oneself in the centre, between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their *Ranz des Vaches* in such time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself."—*Prof. [illegible].*

FRENCH LITERARY DUELLING.

A letter from Paris says: "A few days since an article written in the *Figaro* by M. Lucas, one of the [illegible] of that journal, made some allusions to the [illegible] [illegible] He accordingly sent a challenge to M. Lucas. That gentleman answered that he could by no means [illegible] a ground for a duel, inasmuch as there was nothing in it referring in the remotest way to M. Plunkett, and he therefore refused to fight upon that ground, but said that if M. Plunkett was really bent upon fighting, he had only to insult him. It appears that the required insult was given, for an arrangement was made for a hostile meeting at Ville d'Avray, at two o'clock that afternoon. In the meantime a certain M. Naquart came to the office of the *Figaro*, and complained that he had called there several times while M. Villemot was the editor, without finding anybody ready to fight. M. de Villemessant, who, after having retired for some months from the direction of that journal, has lately resumed his former position, gave it to be understood that he was ready in his own person to give 'satisfaction' to a gentleman who seemed so exceedingly anxious to get it.

"Duel No. 2 was, therefore, arranged to come off at the same time and place as that of MM. Lucas and Plunkett. M. Lucas's seconds were M. Noirac, the director of the *Figaro Programme*, and M. Rousseau, a *redacteur* of the *Figaro*. M. Plunkett was accompanied by M. Ravel, the celebrated comic actor, and a M. Cotaillac. M. de Villemessant's seconds were a gentleman of fortune, named De Merville, and M. Jahyes, of the *Figaro*. I have not heard the names of M. Naquart's seconds. The sport resulted in blood being drawn from all the four combatants, but happily without any serious injury to any of them. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that the fight was a sham. On the contrary, I am persuaded that nothing but the fortune of war prevented the sacrifice of life and limb in this miserable quarrel. Both the duels, I should have said, were fought with swords. The ground selected was near the ponds of Ville d'Avray, the two sets of combatants being about a hundred yards apart. Owing to the late rains the ground was very springy. M. Lucas, who is an old Algerian officer, was touched on the shoulder after three lunges, and he pricked his adversary in the right nipple. M. de Villemessant received first the point of the sword on his left breast, and in return drew blood from the left temple of M. Naquart. After these achievements, the seconds declared that 'honor was satisfied,' and all the parties returned to Paris together by the next up train."

BOOK-RECOMMENDATIONS.

Examples of the extraordinary facility with which not editors only, but persons high in political life, recommend books to the public, without knowledge, out of mere complaisance to the solicitations of an author or publisher, and in violation of truth, are so numerous, that it has become one of the crying evils of the time. It has the effect of placing very many of the literary publications of our country and those who recommend them, on the precise footing of quack medicines, and the vouchers of quack medicines. I have a specimen of this now before me, in the case of a scientific publication of more than a thousand closely printed quarto pages, at the head of which is a full, elaborate, analytical commendation of the work,—a most magnificent and most undeserved *puff universel*,—signed by nearly two-thirds of the members of the United States Senate, supported by about half the members of the House of Representatives, together with several Presidents of the United States. Were these gentlemen *experts* in the matter? Clearly not. Had they made a full and conscientious examination of the work? Not one did it, or could have done it. The present of a handsome book pleased them; they were flattered by the donor, its publisher, and they blindly subscribed to his glowing representation of the marvellous value of his *merchandise*. I have seen wonderful cough-losenges put forth in the same way, under the sign-manual of a President of the United States!—*Boston Courier.*

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